

The Inside  
"The Loneliest Number"  
by  
Richard Hatem

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

[THE INSIDE]

"The Loneliest Number"

TEASER

1 INT. BATHROOM/SOMEWHERE - NIGHT 1

A YOUNG WOMAN (AMY BAXTER) goes through the ritual of preparing for a bath...

ANGLE ON: Her hand turning on the hot water faucet on the bathtub...

ANGLE ON: Water splashing onto the drain-stop as the tub begins to fill...

ANGLE ON: A lit match touching a fresh candlewick; it catches flame...

ANGLE ON: A small CD-player starting up; it plays a song, sad and full of longing...

ANGLE ON: Clothes dropping into a pile on the floor...

And finally...

ANGLE ON: A gleaming new razor blade is set on a bright white washcloth on the edge of the tub.

ANGLE ON: Amy, her face a picture of hopelessness and despair. She steps carefully into the tub, barely disturbing the water...

CLOSE ON: Her wrist resting on the washcloth. The razor blade descends into view; the sharp corner touches flesh...

CLOSE ON: AMY -- her eyes wide as she stares into her future as if into a long, dark tunnel. She shuts her eyes tight and we --

CUT TO BLACK.

THEN: In the darkness, florescent lights flicker and buzz into life. We are:

2 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BASEMENT MORGUE - DAY 2

But for all we know it could be the middle of the night in this sterile, windowless room.

WE ARE ON: Amy again, but her face is very white and her eyes will never open again.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

WEB (V.O.)

Amy Baxter. Twenty-one.

REVEAL: WEB with REBECCA and PAUL standing over the dead body.

WEB (CONT'D)

What can you tell me?

Rebecca and Paul look at each other and then Web: is this a test? *Of course it is...* They begin to examine the body:

REBECCA

Okay. Three subdural slash wounds on both wrists. No hesitation marks. Cuts on the right arm are deeper; means she started there, she's probably left handed.

PAUL

Adiposal saturation around the wounds; I'm guessing she was in a pool or bathtub when she did it.

WEB

Anything else?

REBECCA

Blonde's not her natural color.

(then)

So why are you showing us a suicide?

WEB

Because it's not a suicide... It's a murder.

(beat)

Solve it.

Web strides out of the morgue.

Off Rebecca and Paul, challenged --

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. DUGAN'S - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY)

3

Rebecca, arms loaded with a little too much paper, enters to find herself in this friendly downtown gathering spot -- dark but not shady. It's pretty quiet right now -- she's beat the after-work crowd by a few minutes. She edges between a few people blocking her way and scans. She spots Paul, waving to her from a booth. She makes her way over to him.

PAUL

You look lost.

REBECCA

I wasn't sure this was the place.

PAUL

You never been to Dugan's? Best Philly cheese steak this side of... well, San Bernadino, ironically.

REBECCA

Your note said you found something?

PAUL

Web was right. Amy Baxter's suicide? Not so much a suicide.  
(slides folder to her)  
Her tox screen. The medical examiner found myacet in her system. A paralytic sometimes used in surgery.

REBECCA

(studies report)  
It's not an anesthetic.

PAUL

No. It immobilized her, but she would have felt everything that was happening to her.

REBECCA

Web obviously knew about this. Why didn't he just tell us?

PAUL

Because he's Web? Wouldn't be enigmatic enough for him to just tell a person a thing. Like how he even came across this case to begin with.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

(eyes still on report)

He knows the family. Roland  
Baxter, Amy Baxter's grandfather,  
he and Web were in the same class  
at Annapolis.

A beat. She looks up finally, sees him looking at her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I did some checking.

Paul regards her for a beat, maybe thinking Web isn't the  
only sneaky, sub-texty, enigmatic one. Then:

PAUL

So while you were checking on our  
boss, you happen to find anything  
out about the, say, victim?

REBECCA

Just that if she hadn't been pumped  
full of myacet, she might have  
thanked her killer. She kept a  
diary. Listen to this --

Rebecca produces a DIARY from her stack of stuff. Reads:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

"Death is the blanket I wish to  
enfold me / My tomb is the rest I  
cannot delay..."

PAUL

Snappy.

REBECCA

This whole thing is one long  
suicide note. The Bell Jar in  
iambic pentameter.

PAUL

A lot of sensitive young people  
write bad poetry.

REBECCA

This one had a history of suicide  
attempts. Each one closer than the  
next. The only thing that  
prevented Amy Baxter from actually  
committing suicide...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL  
...was her murder.

Now MEL appears, surprises Rebecca by sliding in next to her.

MEL  
So what are we doing here? No  
peanuts or pretzels or anything?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

It's kind of a work session.

MEL

Which is why we'll bill the federal government.

(to Paul)

Found three more suicides matching your girl. Two men, one woman. Full bathtubs, slash wounds, needle marks. Lab's running the tox screens now.

PAUL

(to Rebecca)

I asked Mel to see if we might have a repeater.

Before Rebecca can react to that, DANNY appears. Slides in on Paul's side. We might notice that the place is starting to fill up more now.

DANNY

(as he lands)

If we did boy-girl it wouldn't look as weird. Did we order yet?

MEL

No. It's been all shoptalk. Death, death and pretzels.

PAUL

We're waiting on menus.

DANNY

Menus? Who needs menus?

PAUL

Rebecca's first time.

DANNY

First time to Dugan's? Get the onion thing. Looks like a flower.

Now CARTER appears, pulls a chair up to the end of the table.

CARTER

Okay, am I the only one who's getting kinda sick of this place?

PAUL/DANNY/MEL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

CARTER

I'm just saying, there's a 'net  
cafe not half a block from here.  
Sandwiches and DSL.

MEL

Because what you need when you  
leave your roomful of computers is  
a cafe full of computers.

REBECCA

This feels like it's turning  
into... dinner.  
(they all look at her)  
I wasn't expecting... I have to  
go. I have... a thing. Excuse me.

Mel and Carter have to get up to let Rebecca out. It's kind  
of awkward and makes her the center of unwanted attention.  
The WAITRESS arrives with menus. Rebecca maneuvers around  
her, heads for the exit like it's the way out of a fire.

DANNY

She acts like she doesn't want to  
be seen with us.

MEL

Oh. I'm sure it's just you.

Off Paul, watching Rebecca disappear, concerned...

4 INT. VCU - BULLPEN - DAY

4

Early morning. Rebecca alone in the bullpen. She's looking  
through a folder of Amy Baxter CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. Images of  
the bloody razor blade, the tub of red tinged water, the wide  
staring eyes of dead Amy Baxter. Her wrists. Faster and  
closer cuts, faster and closer. Rebecca being drawn in until  
-- she slams the folder closed. Can't stick with it. She  
reacts as she sees Paul standing there, having just arrived.  
No telling how long he's been looking at her.

PAUL

You okay?

REBECCA

Yeah, fine.

PAUL

So how was the thing?

REBECCA

Thing?

(CONTINUED)



PAUL

You couldn't hang out with us last night, you had a thing?

REBECCA

It was good. Good thing. Thanks for asking.

PAUL

Uh-huh.

REBECCA

Look, I'm just... I'm not good in those types of situations. "Hanging out with the gang." Whatever. It's not something I do.

PAUL

Nobody says you have to.

REBECCA

Thanks.

PAUL

But if there's some reason you feel like you can't...

REBECCA

Like what?

PAUL

Well. You have this secret. You sit in this... cage... with three other people. Two of them don't even know who you really are.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

What happened to me is hardly a secret. It was made into a Lifetime Movie.

PAUL

Basic cable. Doesn't count. I'm not saying you have to make some big confession, but these are the people who are supposed to have your back. If something's keeping you from engaging with them, that's not good.

REBECCA

So because I didn't feel like having an onion flower with "the gang," now I can't do my job?

PAUL

I didn't say that. But I will tell you this -- the last person who sat at that desk and isolated herself ended up tearing off her own face.

The phone RINGS. Rebecca picks it up.

REBECCA

Locke.

(listens, beat)

Thanks.

(hangs up; to Paul)

Well. Margaret Alvarez may have killed herself, but Randy Ecks didn't. Neither did Stacey Kwan or Michael Henchard...

PAUL

Myacet.

REBECCA

All three tested positive.

PAUL

Let's see what else they had in common...

Paul and Rebecca hover as Carter works at his computer.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CARTER

I'm scanning phone bills now;  
credit cards are next.

ANGLE ON: THE COMPUTER SCREEN as phone numbers scroll past...

CARTER (CONT'D)

So far, no matches.

Two identical seven digit exchanges flash red -- a match.

PAUL

What's that?

Carter clicks on the number.

CARTER

Phil's Pizza on Sunset.

REBECCA

Terrific. They were suicidal and  
loved a stuffed crust. I think  
we're really getting somewhere.

CARTER

Wait up...

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN another number flashes red. It finds  
one match. Then another.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Come on...

CLOSE ON: COMPUTER SCREEN -- Three matches. Then four.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Like Vegas without the buffets.

Carter already tracing the number...

REBECCA

What is it?

CARTER

It's what they call a funnel line.  
Different local exchanges all  
ending up in the same place.  
There's no address, but I can dial  
it from here...

Carter types... and they hear it as the connection rings  
once. Twice. Then:

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

VOICE (V.O.)  
(on speaker-phone)  
Suicide hotline.

Off their collective reactions --

6 EXT./EST. OLD VICTORIAN HOUSE - "LOS ANGELES PREVENTION CENTER" - DAY 6

A refurbished and inviting looking gingerbread Victorian on the outskirts of downtown.

7 INT. LOS ANGELES PREVENTION CENTER - DAY 7

Paul and Rebecca are being led through the house by TRACI ARMSTRONG, (41), a salt-of-the-earth, born volunteer. She's never worn make-up or anything but jeans in her life.

TRACI  
I started the Prevention Center myself in my apartment. We'll be coming up on our third anniversary next month. A grant from social services allowed us to lease this building, private donations supply the rest.

Rebecca and Paul take the place in: bright, cozy interior. The living room and parlor have been converted into a ten-line phone bay. FOUR COUNSELORS are present, each on a call. They speak in hushed, soothing tones, words WE CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT.

PAUL  
(off the phone workers)  
Are your people paid for their services?

TRACI  
No. It's strictly volunteer work. Some of our best counselors were actually callers at one time.

REBECCA  
Really? What sort of screening process is there?

TRACI  
I interview each volunteer personally.

REBECCA  
No training?

(CONTINUED)

TRACI

Of course. Four hours of observation, practice calls; take them over the most common hurdles: angry callers, the ones on some kind of substance, high-crisis.

PAUL

High crisis?

TRACI

They're on the bridge, you can hear the wind. But we're less about talking here and more about listening. If someone calls us, it means they've decided to reach out, that they haven't fully committed to ending their life. Just listening can sometimes be enough.

REBECCA

Depends on who's doing the listening.

Traci gives her a curious look.

PAUL

We're investigating a series of murders, Ms. Armstrong. Four deaths which at first appeared to be suicide, but have since been ruled homicide.

TRACI

Oh. I see. Well, I'm happy to assist in any way I can. I've testified as an expert witness before. I have more than just clinical experience in the area, I'm afraid.

REBECCA

You can assist us by providing a list of the names of everyone who works these phones.

TRACI

What?

PAUL

We've traced all four victims here. Each one of them called your hotline.

(CONTINUED)

TRACI

That can't be right --

REBECCA

Do you have any reason to believe  
someone here would take advantage  
of their position as a counselor?

TRACI

No. It'd be impossible. We don't  
even take the callers' last names!

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

How many people are currently on  
your staff?

Traci goes a bit rigid, though not impolite, just coolly  
professional now --

TRACI

I'm sorry. But if you want a list  
of names, you'll have to come back  
with a warrant. The privacy of my  
volunteers is every bit as  
important to me as the privacy of  
our callers.

Traci starts to turn away; Rebecca stops her with:

REBECCA

Then why do you record their calls?

Traci turns back, busted, looks at her. Even Paul is taken  
by surprise.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You know it's illegal to do that  
without informing them.

TRACI

If they knew they were being  
recorded, they'd hang up. The  
tapes are used strictly for  
training purposes.

(then)

How did you know?

REBECCA

You just told me.

Traci's pissed, but contains it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Along with that list of volunteers'  
names -- we'd also like those  
tapes. Now that you've been  
informed of the law, I trust you'll  
revise your policy. And we won't  
have to shut you down.

Off Traci, checkmated --

8 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - EVENING 8

BOXES of TAPES hoisted onto the desks by Rebecca and Paul. Mel and Danny look at them a little forlornly.

DANNY

You gotta be kidding. There must be weeks worth of tapes there.

PAUL

Months.

MEL

We're ordering in.

9 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT - VARIOUS 9

Rebecca, Paul, Mel and Danny are all spending a long night with headphones on listening to tapes of suicide calls. The night wears on...

DANNY: Feet up on his desk, bouncing a tennis ball off the wall. We can hear the muffled voice of a crying man bleeding out from his headphones. He rolls his eyes, annoyed...

REBECCA: Eats Chinese food with one hand and takes long-hand notes with the other...

PAUL: Fighting sleep, he rubs his face and pinches his eyes...

MEL: Listens to tapes while flipping through a magazine...

PAUL: Doing deep-knee bends at his desk; anything to stay awake...

REBECCA: Alert as ever, her stack of notes huge...

AND FINALLY as the first light of dawn glows in the giant windows of the V.C.U...

10 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY 10

PAUL: Sprawled across his desk, dead asleep...

DANNY: Sitting on the floor against the wall with his knees drawn up to his chest. His resistance worn down, he listens to a call, is he trying not to cry?

Rebecca gently taps Paul who jolts awake, completely disoriented. Then he remembers where he is:

(CONTINUED)



10 CONTINUED:

10

PAUL

Aw, crap.

REBECCA

I think I found something. I just made a pot of coffee. Grab some, we'll meet in the war room in five.

Mel moves to Danny, clocks his emotionality, even though he's bravely stuffing it.

MEL

You wanna talk about it?

Danny just shakes his head.

11 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY

11

Slightly revived, our team members are around the table.

REBECCA

Listen to this --

She hits "play" on the tape recorder...

AMY BAXTER (V.O.)

I feel like I'm really going to do it this time. I'm scared.

GARY (V.O.)

I know you are... but I'm right here.

The others register recognition at the voice.

MEL

Extension 5438. Gary.

DANNY

I was just listening to one of his calls. Guy's good.

AMY BAXTER (V.O.)

I ran the bath. It's too hot to get into. I'm waiting for it to cool down.

GARY (V.O.)

Think about that... you don't want to scald yourself. You don't want to hurt yourself --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DANNY

You tell her, Gary.

GARY (V.O.)

-- do you, Amy?

PAUL

Amy? Amy Baxter?

REBECCA

(nods)

The call is time stamped the night  
of her murder.

AMY BAXTER (V.O.)

I... I don't want to be in pain.

GARY (V.O.)

Nobody wants to be in pain. But we  
all are, Amy.

AMY BAXTER (V.O.)

Even you?

GARY (V.O.)

Even me. Amy? Can I show you my  
pain? You've shared yours with me,  
and I'd like to return the favor.

AMY BAXTER (V.O.)

What do you mean?

GARY (V.O.)

Will you meet me?

Silence on the line. Even poor Amy is speechless at that.

GARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Meet me, Amy. Sweet Amy. Meet me  
tonight. Let me help you.CLOSE - TAPE RECORDER as Rebecca's finger hits the "stop"  
button. And now WE ARE:

12 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

12

She has just played the tape for Web. The rest of the team  
is here as well. Paul hands Web a file, clipped to the top  
is a COLOR ENLARGEMENT of Gary Holt's driver's license photo.  
He's handsome, young, possibly dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Gary Holt. Twenty-six. Lives in Eagle Rock, grew up in Arcadia. No priors. Dropped out of grad school at Occidental four years ago -- after a suicide attempt.

REBECCA

He went to work at the Prevention Center 18 months ago. We think he uses the hotline to find his victims.

DANNY

Making potential suicides not-so-potential since 2003. Or at least since this year. There are no earlier ones we know about.

WEB

There will have been others.

PAUL

Based on his own attempt, we're working a theory he still wants to kill himself but lacks the courage.

MEL

That or he's the most incompetent suicide hotline counselor ever.

Web looks to the photos pinned to the death board: two women, two men.

WEB

He's not gender specific in his choice of victims.

REBECCA

No. But he is specific. If they don't seem serious, neither is he. He's actually very particular.

WEB

(to Rebecca)

Tell me about his choices.

REBECCA

Well. All four of our known victims have a history of failed attempts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

REBECCA (CONT'D)

They had no close relationships  
that we know of, they were  
isolated, on the brink, full of  
despair.

WEB

Good. Be that.

REBECCA

Sir?

WEB

I want you full of despair and on  
the brink, Special Agent Locke.  
When you call this Gary Holt.

Off Paul, not liking that one bit --

CUT TO:

13 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - SUNSET

13

Golden light pours in, throwing a halo over the dark figure  
in the foreground. It is...

Rebecca: She hunches over the phone, holding the receiver  
tight in her hand.

Paul steps into the room, watching her intently along with  
the others.

We're in his POV now... a partial view of the side of her  
face, the receiver in the way...

REBECCA

I feel so alone...

GARY (V.O.)

You're not alone, Rebecca...

We DO NOT INTERCUT; Gary remains a disembodied VOICE for now.  
But we instantly recognize it; smooth, slow, intense. It  
flows like warm water, looking for cracks and crevices,  
seeking the path of least resistance...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

I'm scared. I think I'm going to try it again...

In Paul's POV, he's moved around behind her back now (he's circling behind her to get a view of the side of her face that isn't blocked by the receiver). We can't see any of her face now, but we can hear Rebecca's voice crack, her shoulders shake.

On Paul. His jaw clenches: this is exactly what he feared. She's finally cracking.

GARY (V.O.)

You're going to try cutting your wrists again, is that what you mean?

REBECCA

(barely a whisper, crying now)  
Yeah.

GARY (V.O.)

I don't want you to do that right now, Rebecca. Okay? Can you promise me you won't do that right now?

REBECCA

(weeping)  
I... I'm not sure.

Paul's POV is moving around to her other side... we see a little of her face. No receiver in the way, but much is obscured by her hair...

GARY (V.O.)

Come on, Rebecca. We're friends now. *Promise me.*

REBECCA

Okay. I promise.

GARY (V.O.)

Good girl. Do you know why I made you promise?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

No.

GARY (V.O.)

Because I want to meet you.

Paul watches as Rebecca sniffs, wipes at her nose.

REBECCA

There's nothing to meet.

GARY (V.O.)

That's not true.

REBECCA

(dire)

Please. I could drop off the face of the earth tomorrow and no one would even notice. And if they did, they wouldn't care. That's why... *doing this* makes sense. I'm already dead.

GARY (V.O.)

I'd notice. And I'd care.

(beat)

Look, I get off in one hour. Can you meet me at Unurban? On Pico? We'll have coffee. On me.

Rebecca sighs -- nothing matters, she might as well.

REBECCA

Okay.

GARY (V.O.)

It's a date. Can you tell me what you look like so I'll know you?

REBECCA

Um. I'm 5'10. I have blue eyes. And I have long blonde hair.

GARY (V.O.)

Rebecca, can I tell you something?

REBECCA

I guess.

(CONTINUED)

GARY (V.O.)

*You sound beautiful.*

(beat)

I'll see you tonight. Okay.

REBECCA

Okay. Bye.

In Paul's POV as Rebecca hangs up the phone. We see her face clearly now -- placid, empty. No tears, no runny nose. Nothing. And there never was.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(right at Paul)

So -- what should I wear?

Off Paul's reaction we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON: A BRIGHT WHITE TOWEL

A slender female forearm slides in, sleeve pulled up. A male hand enters and turns her wrist to face us...

14 INT. V.C.U. - BATHROOM - NIGHT

14

The wrist belongs to Rebecca. Paul is applying scar-effect make-up to it. As he places the first layer...

PAUL

This'll be a bit of a rush job, so  
don't let him get too close a look.

REBECCA

It's good you're going lengthwise.  
Elevates me from potential to  
determined.

(off Paul's look)

Ups his motivation.

PAUL

Think you motivated him pretty well  
with your phone performance.

(under his breath)

If that's the right word for it...

REBECCA

What word would you use?

Paul hesitates, then continues, eyes on his work.

(CONTINUED)



PAUL

Look, I know working cases with the legendary Virgil Webster is exciting and new -- just be careful where you let him take you. He won't hesitate to go to the darkest place if he thinks it'll help him win.

REBECCA

That's the job.

PAUL

What you and I call "the job" is what other people call "the most awful thing I have ever seen or heard." Gimme your other wrist.

And she does. As he applies the next crusty scar:

PAUL (CONT'D)

If you're not careful, the awfulness is just gonna claw its way inside you.

Paul focuses on touching up the scar.

REBECCA

Let's not overdo it.

Paul stops, glances up. She's talking about the make-up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I think that's enough.

She stands and twists her wrists, letting them dry. Paul, frustrated, didn't even scratch the surface. Rebecca sees the genuine concern in his face.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I know how far I can push. Trust me.

PAUL

Long as you're the one doing the pushing....

A shadow falls across Rebecca's face - Web steps in.

WEB

It's time. How are we doing?

Paul opens his hands, releasing her.

PAUL

Make-up's done. Time for wardrobe.

Off Web, sensing the intimacy he's interrupted --

FLASH TO:

15 INT. V.C.U. - BATHROOM - NIGHT

15

SERIES OF SHOTS: Rebecca in front of the mirror, dressing for a casual date. Boots. Jeans. Long-sleeved top. Checking the look in the mirror, not looking at her face.

CLOSER - she applies lipstick, eyes on her work. She holds her own glance for a BRIEF moment, then looks away, uncomfortable with whatever she saw there.

16 EXT./EST. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

16

A WHITE VAN is parked off Pico.

17 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

17

Rebecca, Paul, Danny and Carter. Danny checks equipment, Rebecca flips through the victim photos, quietly pumping herself up. Carter finishes checking her wire.

PAUL

Remember, let him lead the conversation, don't push.

REBECCA

Right.

PAUL

You know the code word if it goes wrong and you need help?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Help.

PAUL

Perfect.

Carter has finished with the wire and has moved to the monitoring station in the van, puts on earphones.

CARTER

Let me have a level, please.

REBECCA

Testing, testing, help.

He gives her a thumbs up.

PAUL

Okay, you know your story? Grad school boyfriend, depression,-

REBECCA

Suicide pact. I got it.

The van doors open, Mel appears, pulling herself up.

MEL

Your date just arrived. He looks dressed for a night of heavy petting and wrist slashing. He's inside.

Rebecca nods, takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Danny gives Rebecca some room to slide by with:

DANNY

Hey. Don't worry -- we got your  
back.

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

Rebecca nods, all business. Turns as she hears Web approach, crossing out of the darkness.

WEB

Is the wire working?

REBECCA

Wire's working, I know my story,  
Paul's nervous.

Web doesn't react to that in any way whatsoever. He steps past her into the van, then turns back.

WEB

Special Agent Locke... be careful.

Rebecca, surprised, warmed by his atypically caring sentim-

WEB (CONT'D)

Your act may have impressed this man over the phone, but face to face is something else. If he finds you at all disingenuous, it's over.

And he shuts the van door, leaving Rebecca suddenly alone, cut-off, and off balance. She turns and starts down the street, insecure.

18 EXT./EST. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

18

WE SEE Rebecca come around the corner, regaining control. She gives her made-up wrists a last make-sure-they-look-okay glance as she enters...

19 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

19

A dark, couch-strewn hang-out for actors, writers and assorted wannabes. Bad art for sale on the walls. If you didn't want to kill yourself before, you would now.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

She scans the faces. Doesn't see Gary. Then, A FAMILIAR VOICE right behind her.

GARY (O.C.)

Rebecca?

Rebecca turns to see a young man beside her.

REBECCA

Gary?

GARY HOLT, (28), nice-looking, bookish, intense. Deep, caring eyes with a total absence of any humor or irony. He smiles, holding out a hand to shake.

GARY

I'm glad you're here.

Rebecca takes it, smiles as if through layers of sadness. Gary takes note of her scars. She pulls away, shy.

GARY (CONT'D)

You found the place okay, then.

REBECCA

Yeah. Do you want to... should we get a table?

GARY

Oh, we already have one.

Gary steps aside and suddenly Rebecca is aware of THREE PEOPLE seated at the first, most visible table in the place AMOS, CHARLOTTE and TANYA -- We saw them before, but thought they were background.

GARY (CONT'D)

Rebecca, I'd like you to meet Amos, Charlotte and Tanya.

20 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

20

The group monitors every second of Rebecca's encounter. Mel furiously scribbling "AMOS, CHARLOTTE, TANYA..." on her pad.

WE CAN HEAR the conversation from the coffee house spill out from their earpieces in a tinny buzz:

REBECCA (V.O.)

I didn't know there were going to be other people here...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Paul looks to Web. What the hell?

DANNY

Maybe he likes to keep a herd he  
can thin...

PAUL

Maybe he's not the guy.

MEL

(scratching out notes)  
And maybe I just wrote down what  
you two said -- shush!

21 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - SAME

21

Tanya, smiling, sweet-face, lifts a tea mug -- and as her  
sleeve pulls up, Rebecca can see ANGRY RED SCARS on Tanya's  
wrists. Real ones, cut the long way, just like Rebecca's --  
a girl with determination.

TANYA

Welcome to the group, Rebecca.

Cynical, fumbling with a pack of smokes, Charlotte jumps in:

CHARLOTTE

Did you think it was gonna be a  
date? I thought mine was gonna be  
a date until I saw Amos sitting at  
the table. That was, like, five  
months ago.

Amos is a rumpled malcontent, twitchy and bitter.

AMOS

I didn't think it was a date.

Through this, Gary hasn't spoken. Just been staring at  
Rebecca with those I-care-more-than-Jesus eyes.

GARY

Do you know what you share in  
common with these people, Rebecca?

REBECCA

We all called the Prevention  
Center...

CHARLOTTE

I called after I took poison, Amos  
tried to hang himself, but it  
didn't take.

(CONTINUED)

AMOS

I had a seizure. The rope broke.

Charlotte giggles.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Not funny.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, come on. It's gallows humor.  
Literally!

GARY

Yes, you all called. You took the  
step of reaching out. None of you  
really wanted to kill yourselves.  
You just thought you did -- because  
you're all alone.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Rebecca looks around. Tanya nods. Charlotte puffs yes. Amos stares at Rebecca. Gary smiles.

GARY (CONT'D)

At least, you were until now. The majority of callers I get, they don't have anyone. To share their pain with, to share their good times. It's a basic need, denied.

22 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

22

On PAUL, listening.

GARY (V.O.)

I think you deserve more than that.

23 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - SAME

23

Rebecca can't help but think of Paul's very similar, yet not so cheesily phrased words. She is not smiling, but Amos must have caught a gleam in her eye. He snaps at her.

AMOS

What's so funny?

REBECCA

What? Nothing...

AMOS

You're damn right. You're not serious about making it, there's the door.

GARY

Amos...

AMOS

You're lucky Gary thought enough to invite you here. He's the only one at the Center with the guts to act.

GARY

Amos, it's okay. She's okay.

Gary reaches over, puts his hand over Amos' for a moment. It's just over the line of acceptable man-to-man touching.

REBECCA

I... I am serious about making it.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Then you already belong.

REBECCA

Is this as big as the group gets?

CHARLOTTE

Attendance varies.

AMOS

Some people kill themselves. They  
show up less often.

Rebecca keeps clocking Gary's expressions out of the corner  
of her eye.

TANYA

There was a girl a couple weeks  
ago. She only came here once.

GARY

Amy, Tanya. Her name was Amy.

A sad, near saintly smile crosses Gary's face, then he looks  
straight at Rebecca.

GARY (CONT'D)

What's your story, Rebecca?

Rebecca blinks. There was no transition there.

REBECCA

My story?

GARY

Everyone here has heard everyone  
else's story. It's the first step  
you take as part of the group.

Rebecca looks down, sees that Gary's foot is deliberately  
touching Charlotte's, and that Tanya is holding his hand.  
Amos head is bowed, deferential.

Then, we notice Gary is *lightly tracing his fingers up and  
down Tanya's scars*. Erotic, if it weren't so chilling.

Rebecca steels herself. She wants to nail this guy.

REBECCA

I guess my story starts a couple  
years ago, when I... met...

Her voice trails off. She stops talking. Long Pause.

24 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME 24

The team waits. Carter checks the level, wire is still on.  
The silence continues.

DANNY

Teacher's pet's freezin' up --

Paul looks worried. Web is all Zen, listening. Waiting.

25 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - SAME 25

Everyone is still waiting for Rebecca to tell her story. She  
lowers her eyes to the table. She is very still.

REBECCA

Actually, it starts when I was ten.  
Or, it ends there, I still can't  
decide.

26 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME 26

Paul glances furtively at Web: *is she really doing this?*

REBECCA (V.O.)

We were at the state fair. In  
Bangor. Bangor, Maine. My parents  
would take us every year. There  
was a man there, running the pony  
rides.

Oh yeah, she's doing it...

27 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - SAME 27

Gary leans forward, intrigued. Amos also has perked up.  
Rebecca is in another place.

REBECCA

He... kept letting me cut to the  
front of the line and I kept  
getting on and going around... He  
took me off to the side, asked for  
my address. Said he would bring  
one of the ponies to my house. To  
visit.

28 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME 28

Mel listens to this intently; the truth slowly dawning... *she  
has heard this story before.*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

REBECCA

I guess I'm an idiot 'cause I gave  
it to him, I didn't think he'd  
really come, we lived in Augusta,  
it was... far...

Mel looks up at Web for confirmation -- but he's staring off  
into space. Then she looks at Paul, who was waiting for her.  
He slowly nods.

29 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - SAME

29

Rebecca.

REBECCA

But he did come. He came through  
the window, and took me away. And  
I was with him for a year and a  
half. Until...

She begins to lose control of herself.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Until I...

And then a weird thing happens. Rebecca snaps shut and  
stands straight up, hands clasped in front of her, head down.  
She whispers something we can't hear, and then walks away.

The "group" is stunned.

CHARLOTTE

Damn.

Off Gary, watching her go...

30 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

30

Danny's hands are pressed to his earphones.

DANNY

Damn. She's *amazing*. I got  
chills.

Everyone stares at him, stone-faced. He doesn't notice.

31 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - SAME

31

Dark, claustrophobic, deserted. A dead end. Rebecca braces  
herself with a hand on the wall, trying to collect herself.

Seems to do okay, and then tightens into a rage, TEARS the  
wire off her belly.

32 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME 32

MEL  
Wire just went dead.

33 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - SAME 33

Rebecca regains her composure. Turns to head back, but-  
GARY is already here. Blocking her path. Smiling.

GARY  
That was wonderful. Come here.

34 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME 34

They wait, listening to static. Paul can't take it anymore.

PAUL  
Danny.

Danny reaches for the door. Web's hand closes over his,  
though he's looking right at Paul.

WEB  
Not yet.

35 INT. UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE - BACK ROOM - SAME 35

Gary advances. Rebecca, disoriented, takes a step back.

REBECCA  
Help.

GARY  
What?

She grimaces as she realizes the wire is balled in her fist.

REBECCA  
Help. Gary. I'm afraid I'm going  
to do it. I want you to help me.

GARY  
That's what I'm here for.

He reaches out to caress her chin.

36 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME 36

Web and Paul stare each other down. Danny's backed off; Web  
is still blocking the door.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

CARTER

It's dead. Connection's gone.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

We need to get her.

Beat. Eye to Eye. Web moves aside. Paul wrenches open the doors to reveal: Rebecca standing there, looking fine. She climbs in, shuts the door, begins talking.

REBECCA

I made a date with Gary for this Saturday. One-on-one. The group just went their separate ways but I wouldn't be surprised if Gary and Tanya ended up at the same place later since there was creepy sex going on. Never got a last name on any of them, but I saw Charlotte's license plate and Amos paid with a card, so we can get that...

Paul and Mel are just staring at her. Like they can't believe she's able to talk right now. Web observing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What?

Uncomfortable silence. Danny doesn't get it either.

DANNY

It's been real dramatic since you left us...

Off that --

37 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

37

Rebecca stands up before the team, debriefing them.

REBECCA

We were partly right. Gary Holt is attracted to vulnerability. Man, woman, they're erotic for him as long as they feel powerless.

DANNY

They all seemed to be into that stuff.

REBECCA

But only Gary touched someone's scars. That's significant.

PAUL

A suicide fetish.

REBECCA

Yes.

MEL

Were there signs of sexual violence to any of the victims?

DANNY

Nothing on the bodies, but that doesn't mean he wasn't getting off.

WEB

We need Gary under twenty-four hour surveillance.

DANNY

Already covered. I've got two undercovers en route to his place now. They'll sit on him until we're ready to make a move.

WEB

Good.

(order for Danny)

Join them. I don't want him spooked, he'll rabbit.

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

Danny starts heading out when his cell RINGS. He answers:

DANNY

This is Danny Love.

Beat. His face tightens. He nods and hangs up.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We've got another one.

Mel looks at her watch.

MEL

He had time.

38 INT. GARY HOLT'S HOUSE - DAY

38

Rebecca, Paul, Web and Danny stare down at the body of...

GARY HOLT. Dead on the floor. Looks like a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. The gun is still in his hand.

WEB

(aside to Rebecca)

Looks like your Saturday night just opened up again.

PAUL

So that's Gary Holt.

DANNY

He sounded shorter.

Mel enters, hands Web a baggie with a note inside. He reads:

WEB

"Please forgive me. I was only trying to help."

MEL

Sure is tidy when the killer takes themselves out.

REBECCA

Yes, it would be.

OFF Rebecca's troubled look we CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

39 EXT. GARY HOLT'S HOUSE - DAY

39

Out on the sidewalk, Paul and Danny watch as the gurney from the coroner's van is wheeled into the house. Mel joins them.

MEL

The handwriting on the suicide note seems to match the other samples we've found.

PAUL

She must be thinking he was forced to write it.

DANNY

And we should listen to her because all of a sudden she's Elizabeth freakin' Smart and she's got that special abductee sixth sense everybody knows about.

MEL

She wasn't Elizabeth Smart. She was Becky George -- same creepiness, less Mormons. I still can't believe it.

(to Paul)

You knew, didn't you? From the beginning? Web told you?

PAUL

I knew. But not from Web, are you kidding?

MEL

From her?

PAUL

Are you kidding even more. I had a friend with clearance root it out.

DANNY

Now every time I look at her I'm gonna imagine her all tied up, but in a negative way. Terrible.

MEL

I hate that she didn't think she could trust us to know.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I don't think she trusts many  
people.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

MEL

I guess it doesn't matter how many  
you trust, just if you pick the  
right ones.

40 INT. GARY HOLT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS IN TIME

40

Rebecca stands looking at Gary's body being loaded onto that  
gurney. In the bg we can see 4-5 techs processing the scene.  
Web appears behind her.

WEB

Whoever staged it did a good job.  
It seems our killer is an expert in  
more than one mode of suicide.

REBECCA

Yes. But this one wasn't a thrill  
kill for him. It was pragmatic.  
Guns are quick and easy. The  
motive here was to dead-end our  
investigation. The UNSUB wants us  
to go away so he can continue with  
the kinds of murders he enjoys.

WEB

Which means whoever it is, knows we  
were investigating Gary.

REBECCA

Yes.

WEB

Do you think that might be because  
you told them?

She looks at him.

WEB (CONT'D)

Could your confession inside that  
coffee shop have tipped our killer  
as to who you really were?

REBECCA

Do you think the killer was in that  
coffee shop?

WEB

I have no way of knowing that. But  
you had a prepared cover story.  
You chose not to use it. Why?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

You told me not to lie.

WEB

I warned you not to get caught in a lie. Getting caught in the truth can be a more dangerous game still. Something you might want to consider the next time you're being encouraged to share everything. Even by someone with the purest of motives. Like...

(glances back to crime scene)

...young Gary Holt. He was innocent. But he's the link. No signs of forced entry. He knew his killer. He trusted them.

(already exiting)

That was a mistake.

And he's gone. Off Rebecca, reeling a bit from all that --

41 EXT. LOS ANGELES PREVENTION CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

41

TRACI, letting herself out of the Prevention Center building and heading for her car.

WIDER - her car is parked in a big, empty lot.

ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS

We're in Amos' POV. Amos is standing some distance away, watching Traci. Hands jammed deep in his pockets, shifting from foot to foot, he approaches her.

FOLLOW with Amos as he closes behind Traci, who arrives at her car and begins fishing in her big bag for her keys.

(CONTINUED)

AMOS

Hey --

Traci, startled, drops her bag. Keys clatter to the pavement. Amos, pitched at a lower tone than in the coffee shop...

AMOS (CONT'D)

You're Traci, right?

TRACI

What? Um, yeah. Yes.

AMOS

I'm Amos. I'm one of Gary's people.

At the mention of Gary's name, emotion flashes across Traci's face -- we know she's heard about his death. But she pulls herself together:

TRACI

Oh. Yes. They told me about the group he was running.

Amos just stares at her. What does he want?

TRACI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that. What he did was wrong. He was breaking the rules.

AMOS

Well, I just came from his house. He's not breaking the rules anymore.

*What the hell was that supposed to mean?* Traci tries to remain calm.

TRACI

Let me, uh... let me just put my bag away. It's such a hassle...

She fumbles with her keys, trying to get her door open.

AMOS

You're not going anywhere until we talk. Look what I almost did tonight...

Traci stops, and turns to see Amos, hands at his sides, an industrial sized EXACTO BLADE in each one.

(CONTINUED)

AMOS (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. Gary  
told me about you. He said you got  
some experience with this.  
Firsthand.

Traci looks at the blades, then up at Amos. She nods.

TRACI

A long time ago. That's why I  
decided to help other people.

AMOS

Then maybe we can help each other.

(CONTINUED)



TRACI

I'm sure we can.

AMOS

No.

Traci freezes, caught off guard.

AMOS (CONT'D)

No. No. No. No.

Like a chant, and he is SHAKING. One of the blades drops to the ground and Amos jams his hand into his pocket. Traci, freaked out, backs up against her car.

Amos is having a SEIZURE. His hand comes out shaking with a bottle of PILLS. Now he can't talk.

Traci takes the opportunity, turns lightning-fast to her car, fumbles the key into the door lock.

ANGLE ON - PAVEMENT

As the pill bottle bounces off the ground and spills its contents...

As Traci watches, Amos falls to the ground, his open eyes never leaving hers.

She hesitates, looks back and forth between him and the car door... Is he faking this? Should she escape? After a beat, she kneels by him.

TRACI

It's okay. I can help. You're sick.

He blinks, seems to be trying to focus...

TRACI (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

You wouldn't think he could talk. But he manages, surprisingly clearly:

AMOS

Take me to my house.

Beat, then:

TRACI

I can do that.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (4)

41

And as the audience screams "Noooooo!" we cut to:

42 INT. GARY HOLT'S HOUSE - DAY

42

The crowd of investigative types has thinned. Rebecca is perched, still staring at the place where they found Gary's body -- the blood still visible.

(CONTINUED)

Paul approaches her, but she doesn't seem to register his presence.

PAUL

Mel and Danny went to follow up on the members of Gary's group.

REBECCA

How could I have missed this?

PAUL

We all missed it.

REBECCA

Gary wasn't obsessed with death -- he was obsessed with life. He wasn't like the others. He didn't deserve this.

Paul reacts to the implication:

PAUL

Wait a minute... Are you saying the others did deserve it?

REBECCA

What? No. Of course not.

PAUL

Sure sounded like it -- I mean, they wanted to die, right?

REBECCA

Yes. No. I don't know.

PAUL

(holy shit)  
You really don't.

Paul takes a beat, maybe even a step back, regards her with bitter amusement now.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I can't believe I missed this... I was actually worried that you related too much to these victims... That if Web made you get in their heads... but you can't get in their heads at all, can you?

She stares at him, her mouth a straight, defensive line.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

You don't understand these people.  
You have contempt for them...

REBECCA

That's ridiculous.

PAUL

No. It's understandable. They  
gave up. You never did. You  
fought like hell. Nobody saved  
you. You didn't need anyone's  
help.

REBECCA

Should I be ashamed of that?

PAUL

No. You were brave. But the  
bravest thing these people ever did  
was pick up that phone. Reach out.

REBECCA

And that was their mistake. See  
how well it worked out for them?

PAUL

(more wry realization)

You weren't talking to us at all in  
there -- You were just exploiting  
the rawest part of yourself, the  
part you hide from the world, to  
fool Gary. To solve the case.

She looks at him, throw down time.

REBECCA

That's why we're here, Paul. To  
solve the case. Or did you forget  
that?

PAUL

Case not exactly solved, though, is  
it? Rebecca, don't you think maybe  
we'd have a better shot if we tried  
solving this thing together?

REBECCA

We are.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

No. You're still working it by yourself. You're isolating. Just like these victims.

REBECCA

(snappish)

I am NOT like these victims!

PAUL

It's the weakness. That's what really keeps you from connecting with them. And as long as that's true -- you're going to keep missing something. You're going to make a mistake.

Fuck this noise. She puts her head back in the case, sweeps the crime scene with a glance.

REBECCA

There's nothing more to learn here. I'm going back to the office. Start over.

She's heading for the door.

(CONTINUED)

She's gone. Paul looks around at the empty room, the blood stain. Thinking about the case. Applying what he just said.

PAUL  
(to himself, off crime scene)  
You hate their weakness...

He opens his phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Delia? This is Paul Ryan. Can you  
pull a file for me? I want to  
check something.

43 INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - DAY

43

A dark, cluttered little room. Amos is stretched out onto the ratty couch. It doesn't look like he can move. His pill bottle rests on the crates that make up his coffee table.

Traci enters from the kitchen, holding a steaming mug of tea.

TRACI  
You actually did have a couple bags  
way in back. Tea doesn't go bad,  
right?

Amos makes a noncommittal sound. She sets the mug down. He smiles a thank you.

TRACI (CONT'D)  
Sure you're gonna be okay?

Amos shakes his head slowly. Traci looks uncomfortable, checks her watch.

AMOS  
(breathed)  
Please... stay.

Doesn't look like she wants to, but...

TRACI  
For a little bit. Where's your  
bathroom?

Amos gives directions with his eyes.

TRACI (CONT'D)  
Be right back.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

She moves off. We stay on Amos as he raises his head and looks toward her. His face is more alert now, his body stronger than it seemed a second ago. And then he RISES to a half-reclined position, taking the tea and sipping it, eyes on the bathroom door...

44 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

44

ANGLE: COMPUTER SCREEN where WE SEE a MUG SHOT (or driver's license photo) of Amos.

REBECCA is at her desk, looking at the computer screen.

MEL (V.O.)

You're back.

Rebecca takes a moment to brace herself before she looks up to find Mel in the action of perching on the edge of Rebecca's desk.

REBECCA

Yeah. I think I might have an interesting lead. Someone who thinks they get stronger when someone else is helpless. I think they think it's like a cure...

MEL

Good. That's good. Listen...

Rebecca closes her eyes for a moment, knowing what's coming. Mel transfers herself to a chair, wheels it in close to Rebecca, making it a more intimate conversation.

MEL (CONT'D)

I have to tell you that it's okay you didn't say anything before. I'm just glad... I'm glad you did now.

REBECCA

Thank you?

MEL

I remember when it happened. I was in high school. They made us have a safety assembly to talk about how to keep ourselves safe. And then on Sundays with my family, we lit candles for you in church.

REBECCA

Ah.

(CONTINUED)

Weird silence between them for a moment. Then:

MEL

So what's your lead? We can check  
it out together.

REBECCA

Still working on it.

Rebecca sees Paul approaching, moving down the corridor on the other side of the glass. Mel follows her gaze. When Mel looks away, Rebecca clears her computer screen.

ANGLE: PAUL as he enters the bullpen. Danny approaches from the general area of the war room. He's got a file, too.

DANNY

Got backgrounds worked up on Gary's  
fetish group.

PAUL

Good. Think I might have  
something, too.

Together they look to the bullpen area, Mel at her desk. Rebecca gone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Rebecca back yet?

Mel looks around --

MEL

She was just here...

Off the empty space --

A45 EXT. AMOS' APARTMENT - STREET - DAY

A45

Rebecca pulls up outside a shabby apartment building and parks her unmarked bureau car. She gets out and heads up a rickety staircase to...

B45 EXT. AMOS' APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

B45

Rebecca listens for sounds coming from the apartment. Nothing. She knocks on the door.

REBECCA

FBI. Open up.

More nothing. She tries the knob -- the door is unlocked. Screw it; she takes her gun out and enters...



45 INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 45

Rebecca steps into the dark cluttered little living room. The place feels and sounds empty. Or at least empty of anyone living. Instinctively, she moves toward the back of the house...

46 INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 46

Rebecca pushes against the door. It swings slowly open with a high-pitched CREAK to REVEAL:

REBECCA'S POV: Amos. Eyes open. In a tub full of bloody water, skin as white as whalebone, wrists open to the world. She hurries to him.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

She grabs towels from the rack and starts bandaging his arms.

REBECCA

Amos? Amos?

Is he dead? His eyes seem to be focused on something over her shoulder. She knows it's meaningless, but she can't fight the instinct to turn and look...

TRACI JABS A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE INTO REBECCA'S NECK. On Rebecca's wide and frightened eyes we cut to an entertaining commercial.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

47 INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

47

Traci drags Rebecca's limp body next to Amos.

TRACI

You're heavier than you look. Dark suits are always so slimming.

Traci drops Rebecca to the floor.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Well, let's have a look see; maybe there's some saddlebags under all that Armani.

As she begins to remove Rebecca's clothing...

48 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

48

Danny enters, a case file lands on his chest. He grabs it.

DANNY  
What's this?

PAUL  
UNSUB. For real this time.

Paul is grabbing things off his desk. Keys. Phone. Mel is hanging up her desk phone.

MEL  
Answering machine.

PAUL  
Keep trying her cell.

DANNY  
(reading from file)  
Traci Grace Armstrong... lady at  
the hotline?

PAUL  
Keep reading.

MEL  
(into phone)  
Rebecca, Melody. Trying you again.

DANNY  
(paraphrasing as he reads)  
Born... Denver... Heatherwood  
Elementary... Neh... neh...  
(there it is)  
Mother and father died, December  
26, 1972.

MEL  
Guess how.

DANNY  
Suicide?

PAUL  
Double. In the bathtub. Ten year-  
old Traci found 'em there.

DANNY  
I call. Let's hear it.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Your parents abandon you in the worst possible way, so what do you do? You blame yourself.

Mel chimes in, already on board with the profile.

MEL

Like divorce, only a million times worse...

PAUL

At least, until you get older and...

(points to file)

...get some therapy in you.

Danny reads the file. Paul crosses to his desk, pulls his gun out of his drawer and snugs it into his holster while continuing...

PAUL (CONT'D)

Older, you realize it wasn't your fault at all. It was *their* fault. *They* weren't strong enough. *They* were the weak ones.

DANNY

(aside to Mel)

We goin' to the Hotline?

MEL

(quiet)

Already called shotgun.

Paul crosses back to Danny, takes back the file.

PAUL

Weakness destroyed your life, so you set out to punish the weak.

(beat)

Traci Armstrong's putting herself back in that room with her parents thirty years ago. Only now she's in control of the situation.

Paul walks past Danny to the exit.

DANNY

How'd you work this?

ON PAUL, without turning around, more to himself...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

PAUL  
Rebecca helped.

49 INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

49

Rebecca's CELL PHONE RINGS. It's on the floor where it fell -  
- next to Amos' paralyzed body. It RINGS and RINGS as...

AT THE TUB: Traci wrestles Rebecca's body over the edge and  
carelessly drops her into the tub.

Rebecca slides under the water. Stays there. Traci takes a  
moment to wipe the splashed water from her face and catch her  
breath.

She glances over at the RINGING CELL PHONE. Annoyed. She  
picks up the phone and looks at the display screen:

TRACI  
Mel. That your boyfriend?

Rebecca doesn't answer because she's under water and  
paralyzed and stuff.

Traci turns off the phone. Then returns her attention to--

REBECCA, still laying below the surface of the water. Traci  
stares at her; considers leaving her there. Then:

TRACI (CONT'D)  
Nope. Gotta do it right.

Traci rolls up her sleeves, reaches into the water and pulls  
Rebecca back above the surface by her hair.

(CONTINUED)

Traci just stares at her for a moment.

TRACI (CONT'D)

You wanted my tapes so badly. And you know what? I've got a doozy for you. It's a call that came in last night. Wanna hear it?

Traci rummages through her bag and takes out a cassette. Puts it into Amos' bathroom radio/cassette player.

TRACI (CONT'D)

I've been listening to it over and over...

She presses play. And now...

WE HEAR REBECCA'S VOICE. It's a recording of her first call to Gary. As it plays, Traci listens, her eyes distant. When she talks, it's almost as if she's talking to herself...

TRACI (CONT'D)

I know why you did it. Poor Gary. You really fooled him. *Listen to all your whining...*

(beat)

But the more I listened, I started to hear something else...

Traci's eyes land on Rebecca; they both listen to Rebecca's RECORDED VOICE echoing through the room.

REBECCA (V.O.)

(on tape)

"...I could drop off the face of the earth tomorrow and no one would even notice. And if they did, they wouldn't care. That's why... *doing this* makes sense. I'm already dead."

TRACI

It's true, isn't it? I've heard a thousand of these calls. I can tell the fakes. But sometimes, with the real ones... *you can hear the wind.*

(beat; listening to Rebecca on tape)

I can hear the wind. *Can you?*

Traci listens to Rebecca's quavering voice, full of despair...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (V.O.)

(on tape)

"Um. I'm 5'10. I have blue eyes.  
And I have long blonde hair..."

Rebecca's face is as still as death; but we know she is listening to her own voice as the tape continues.

TRACI

(rage building)

If you wanted to die so badly why  
didn't you *just do it*? Because  
you're a coward. All talk, no  
action. Well, don't you worry  
about a thing...

ANGLE ON: TRACI'S HANDS -- as she opens a fresh pack of razor blades.

TRACI (CONT'D)

That's what I'm here for.

50 INT. LOS ANGELES PREVENTION CENTER - DAY

50

Paul, Danny and Mel sweep through the main room; Danny and Mel spread out and search the halls as...

Paul approaches one of the phone counselors -- LAUREN, (26), a volunteer -- and flashes his badge:

PAUL

FBI. We're looking for Traci  
Armstrong.

Lauren is clearly intimidated.

LAUREN

Oh, um... She's gone for the day.

PAUL

Where did she go?

LAUREN

I'm not sure.

Before Paul can respond Danny and Mel re-appear.

MEL

(to Paul)

No sign.

(CONTINUED)



PAUL

(to Lauren)

It's extremely important that we speak to Ms. Armstrong. Were you here when she left?

LAUREN

Um, yeah. She was really upset. One of our counselors, Gary, he...

PAUL

We know what happened. We've tried her home, she's not there.

LAUREN

Maybe she's still with that guy.

PAUL

Guy?

LAUREN

There was this guy outside. Tall guy, dark hair. He collapsed; he had a seizure or something.

Paul, Mel and Danny exchange looks:

MEL

A seizure...

PAUL

One of Gary's group, the male -- he said something about having a seizure when he tried to hang himself.

DANNY

Amos.

PAUL

You get an address?

Danny's way ahead of him. Already scanning his notes.

DANNY

It ain't far.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

CLOSE ON: Rebecca's wrist stretched out against the bright white edge of the porcelain bath tub... We are--

51 INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

51

Traci holds Rebecca's hand in an almost sisterly fashion. In her other hand she holds a razor blade.

TRACI

Now, the cuts in the first arm have to be very deep, so it's gonna hurt like hell...

Rebecca stares up at Traci in wordless, helpless terror.

TRACI (CONT'D)

But hey, no one ever said suicide was painless. Except for that guy who wrote the MASH theme...

A52 EXT. AMOS' APARTMENT - STREET

A52

Paul, Mel and Danny pull up and park behind Rebecca's car. They all clock it as they get out.

PAUL

(off car)

That's one of ours.

Big new urgency. All three of them, guns out and down. They start up the stairs to Amos' apartment...

B52 INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

B52

ANGLE ON: The razor blade. Light glints off it as...

TRACI slowly brings the blade down against the tender skin of Rebecca's wrist. Then, with strong and steady force--

Traci bears down on the razor blade, carving into Rebecca's flesh. She draws the blade down along her arm, opening the wound more and more. It's excruciating to watch. Blood flows out of Rebecca's arm; onto the tub, into the water...

*And Rebecca doesn't move a muscle.*

ANGLE ON: Rebecca's face. Still. Composed. A single tear rolls from the corner of her eye...

TRACI

Good. One more cut and then we can start on the other arm.

(CONTINUED)

The blade comes down again. It touches Rebecca's skin as...

THE BATHROOM DOOR BURSTS OPEN!

Danny is in first. He body slams Traci, smashing her down onto the cold tile floor as--

Mel slips in, goes straight to Rebecca, wraps her bleeding arm in a towel, applies pressure as--

Paul, gun out, moves into the doorway. He tries to cover Traci with his gun but--

Danny and Traci wrestle on the floor. It's awkward; Danny tries to pin Traci, but he's still holding his gun. Traci thrashes and howls like a wild animal denied her kill. She's a lot stronger than she looks and she slashes at Danny.

Danny momentarily manages to pin her arm down, but Traci pulls loose and slashes him across the knuckles. Danny instinctively jumps back.

Traci swipes the blade at Danny's face; Danny brings his gun up and empties it into her torso, knocking her back like a rag doll.

Mel cringes, the gunshot still ringing in her ears.

MEL

Crap that was loud.

Paul and Danny go straight to Mel's side and look down at Rebecca with concern.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA'S POV: Looking up at Mel...

MEL (CONT'D)

You're gonna make it.

And Danny...

DANNY

We're here. We're with you.

...and now Paul.

PAUL

We got your back.

The bright overhead light throws a gauzy halo around all three of them. Paul's voice becomes a muffled echo...

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're going to be just fine.

And then everything goes BLACK.

52 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

52

A few days later. The office is dark and deserted except for...

REBECCA: working late. Her arm is bandaged and she clearly only has partial use back.

Beyond her we see that there is another late worker...

WEB -- in his office, framed through the doorway at his desk. He looks up and sees Rebecca working. He stares at her...

REBECCA'S DESK -- LATER

As she concentrates on a file...

WEB (O.S.)

Arm hurt much?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Rebecca looks up at Web, who now stands right at her side.

REBECCA

No.  
(beat)  
A ton.

WEB

It's late. Isn't there some place  
else you should be?

REBECCA

Not really.

WEB

(beat)  
Find one.

53 INT. DUGAN'S - NIGHT

53

We HEAR the LIVELY EVENING CROWD as we look out through the  
glass front doors to see...

REBECCA OUTSIDE: She steps up and peers tentatively inside.  
She appears to find what she is looking for because her face  
relaxes a little and she pushes the door open...

CUT TO:

A BOOTH. Paul, Danny, Mel and Carter sit with drinks. \*

PAUL

...So they bring in jack hammers,  
take up the guys freshly poured  
cement patio--

CARTER \*

I'm not going to want to hear this,  
am I. \*

MEL

And there's like twenty bodies. \*

DANNY

Some of them going back to the  
seventies. All boys. \*

CARTER \*

Can't we ever talk about sex, like  
everyone else on the planet? \*

(CONTINUED)

MEL  
(wincing)  
Unfortunately we were.

\*  
\*  
\*

Carter tosses down the fried mozzarella stick he was eating.  
Danny just shakes his head:

\*

DANNY  
Which is why I never -- ever --  
went to a sleep-over at my piano  
teacher's house.

REBECCA (O.S.)  
You play the piano?

(CONTINUED)

**They** all look up -- clearly surprised to see Rebecca. Rebecca stands there trying not to look as awkward as she feels. For a moment everyone is silent. Then:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So. Can I join you?

And then it's a rush and tumble as they shift around eagerly making room for her.

Another beat of silence. Rebecca points at Danny's fruity drink:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

That's pretty -- is that an orchid?

DANNY

Yeah, and it's edible. Legally it has to be.

REBECCA

It looks good. I think I'll have one. What's it called?

DANNY

The Tahitian Maiden's Dream.

Rebecca glances at Paul. He smiles at her, knows how hard this is. For her, a million times tougher than facing a homicidal maniac in a dark alley. She soldiers on:

REBECCA

So really -- the piano?

MEL

Don't encourage him; he'll bring in his Casio and honor us with a medley from *Yentl*.

**DANNY**

*Yentl* is underrated.

**MEL**

I never bought her as a woman.

REBECCA

I took flute in high school.

**CARTER**

Tuba. The big Sousaphone kind.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I did time on the clarinet. Had  
to. I was short a few credits  
senior year.

As the wobbly conversation gains momentum we PULL BACK,  
watching a group of four friends become a group of five...

THE END